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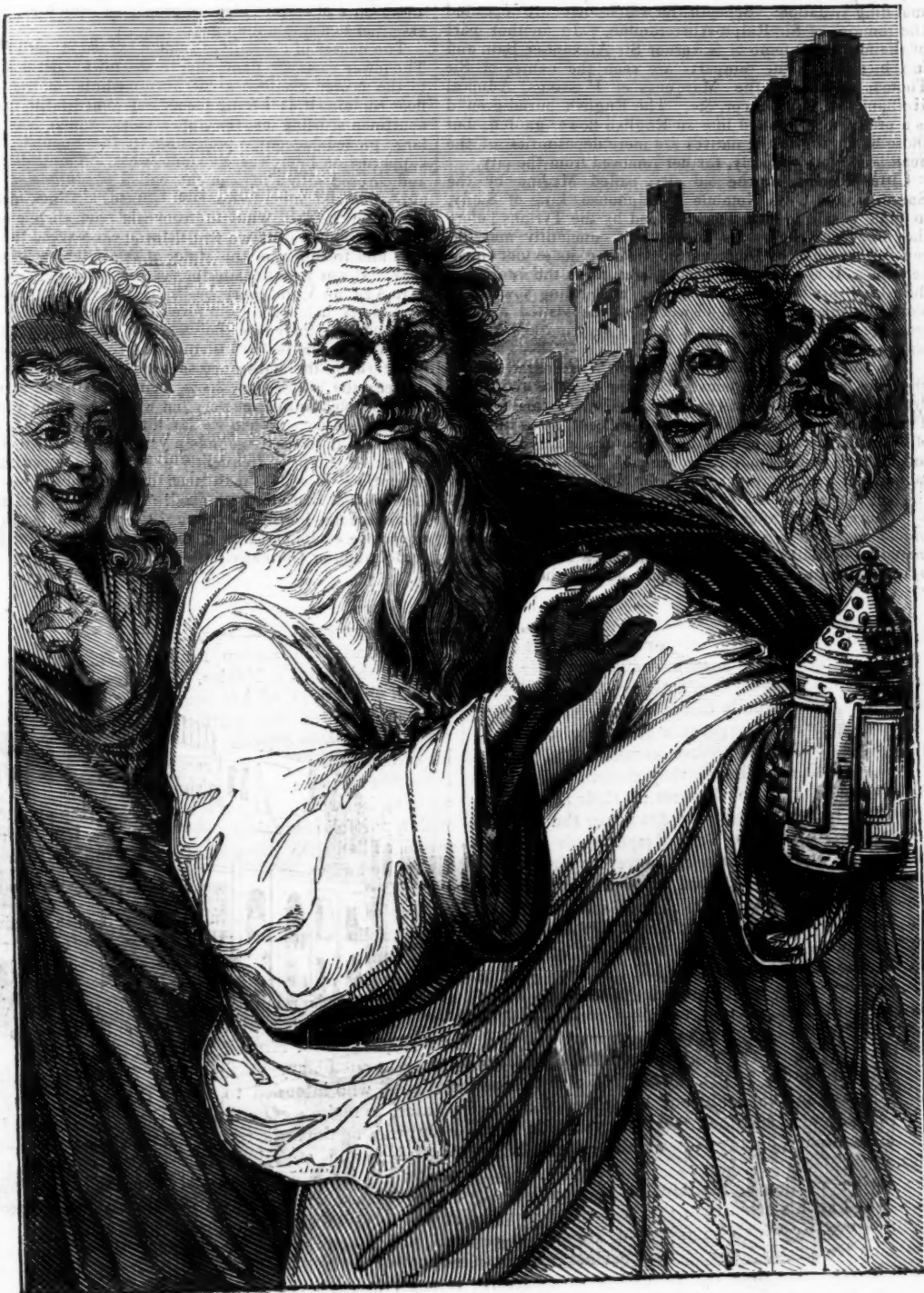
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DIOGENES IN SEARCH OF AN HONEST MAN.
From Salvator Rosa's Picture.

SALVATOR ROSA, AND HIS WORKS.

I.

SALVATOR ROSA was one of those imaginative men whom Italy has at various times produced: men who seem born to excel in those arts, which, from their elegance and their influence on the taste, are called *Fine Arts*. It is by no means uncommon in the history of Italian art, to meet with individuals whose acquaintance with painting, music, and poetry, was so extensive, as to render it difficult to say in which they most excelled; and even those who have acquired an European reputation for their eminent skill in one branch, have frequently, perhaps we may say generally, attained considerable proficiency in the others. Whether this results from the peculiar temperament engendered by an Italian climate, from the patronage bestowed on art and artists by the rulers and princes of Italy, or from the leisure possessed by a people among whom mechanical and commercial industry are far less developed than in England, it would not be easy to say: probably all three circumstances combine to produce the result. Be this as it may, however, the fact is certain, that the fine arts have been cultivated more zealously in Italy than in any other country in the world; if we except that brilliant period when the Grecian peninsula produced so many master-spirits, whose works have served to form the taste of future ages.

The life of Salvator Rosa was so full of striking events, and the productions of his mind and hand were so extremely diversified, that his biography partakes much of a romantic character, and has been written at considerable length in different languages. We shall, however, in our sketch of his life and productions, treat principally of those events which exerted most influence on him as an artist.

Salvator Rosa was born on the 20th of June, 1615, in the little village of Arenella, not far from Naples. His father, Vito Antonio Rosa, was an architect and land-surveyor, of humble talents, and still humbler prospects; and his mother, Giulia Grecco, belonged to a family of painters, equally mediocre, and equally poor. As the boy grew up, the parents did not wish that he should embark in that profession which had proved so little profitable to them; they determined, therefore, to educate him, to the best of their ability, for the church; and with that view gave him the name of *Salvator*,—one which was looked upon with peculiar reverence in Italy. Nature, however, frequently frustrates the intentions, good though they may be, of parents, by giving to their children a temperament and a tone of mind incompatible with the mode of life marked out for them. So it was with Salvator, or as he was familiarly called, *Salvatoriello*,—"little Salvi:" he loved to wander among the magnificent scenes around Naples, and to draw rude sketches of trees and animals with bits of chalk or charcoal, better than to study the religious books which his mother placed in his hands. Being of a fiery and unruly disposition, he could not be kept under control by his parents: and they therefore sent him to a monastic seminary, many of which existed near Naples.

The earlier portion of his studies soon attracted and absorbed all his attention: this was classical and polite literature, by which he gained a knowledge of the imaginative productions of the ancients, as developed in books. He thus laid in a store of classical knowledge, which had a great influence on his subsequent productions, and which was in harmony with the poetic turn of his mind. But the time at length arrived when this course of study, so congenial to

him, was to be laid aside, and replaced by those severer subjects, which, in accordance with the plan of the monastic seminary, were indispensable to an aspirant to the church. These were logic, and such subjects as formed the philosophy of that day; together with the theological doctrines professed by the Church of Rome. But Salvator stopped at the very threshold of these studies: he felt such a disgust, amounting almost to horror, at all studies in which the imagination took no part, that nothing could induce him to attend to the instructions prescribed for him. He was often detected, with a crayon in his hand, covering the walls of the convent with designs; and thus exposed himself to severe punishment. But when at length it became evident that his dislike to scholastic studies was too deeply rooted to be overcome, he was expelled from the seminary, and sent back to his parents.

He had now attained the age of sixteen, and it does not appear in what manner his parents contrived to support him; but we find him studying music with a passionate earnestness which nothing could control. He composed many sweet canzonets and small pieces of music, which were declared by Dr. Burney to be "not only admirable for a *dilettante*, but in point of melody superior to that of most of the masters of his time." It was customary at that time for female spinners and knitters to sit at their work in the open streets of Naples; and these women were frequently to be heard singing songs which had been both written and composed by Salvator. He became a serenader, lute in hand, under the windows of many Neapolitan ladies; and gradually became involved in a vortex of dissipation which grieved his parents, who though they could not appreciate the talents which he really possessed, were earnestly solicitous for his well-being.

The circumstance which turned his attention from music to painting at this period, was the marriage of his sister with Francesco Francanzani, a painter of considerable merit at Naples. Salvator used frequently to visit the studio of his brother-in-law, and watch the progress of the pictures which were on the easel; sometimes copying portions of the picture on a bit of board or paper; and receiving hints and instructions from Francesco. He soon began to sketch from nature; he would sally forth at dawn of day, laden with a portfolio containing primed paper, pencils, and a pallet filled with oil-colours; and wander through the rocky and woody scenes in the environs of Naples, sketching wherever an object struck his fancy. Returning to his brother-in-law's house in the evening, his portfolio would be examined by Francesco, and encomiums passed whenever they were merited. Salvator was springing into manhood, and was as yet a burden to his relations; Francesco therefore was desirous of bringing him forward sufficiently to be able to provide for himself by his own earnings.

It was customary at that time for young Italian students, who intended to adopt the profession of a painter, to make a tour through the principal cities of Italy: visiting the work-rooms of all the great painters; observing and studying their styles; selecting one master in particular as a model; and finally returning home to prosecute that style which they had selected. It was from this custom that artists were generally said to belong to the *school* of some great painter, such as the school of Caracci, of Raphael, of Titian. So intense, however, was Salvator's love of uncontrolled liberty of action and of thought, that he disliked the idea of a school of painting as much as he had that of a school of philosophy and logic: system, method, subordination, were terms which he seems to have

been unable to appreciate: vehement passion and fertile imagination were the impulses to which he yielded, and to which it was in vain for his parents to oppose their wishes and authority. Instead of visiting the schools of Italy, he left home at the age of eighteen, and rambled on foot throughout the greater part of the Kingdom of Naples, including Calabria and the Abruzzi; and it is supposed that many of the finest pictures left by him,—of marine views, headlands, castellated rocks, antique ruins, and savage coasts, identified by some particular and authenticated feature, were either painted during this *giro*, or tour, or else resulted from the impressions which the magnificent scenery of southern Italy left on his mind. Sir J. Reynolds, in allusion to this tour of Salvator's, says,—“Salvator Rosa saw the necessity of trying some new source of pleasing the public in his works. The world were tired of Claude Lorraine's and Gaspar Poussin's long train of imitators; and he therefore struck into a wild savage kind of nature, which was new and striking.” But a subsequent writer has remarked, that Sir Joshua was led into some error as to the relative periods when those three painters flourished; and was also wrong in stating that Salvator “saw the necessity” of striking into a new path: he followed the dictates of his taste, and nothing more.

Although Salvator, during his rambles, visited almost every part of the Neapolitan coast, yet the elevated mountains of Calabria were the favourite spots among which he lingered, and sketched the antique towns and villages—vestiges of the old Greek colonies,—sometimes sheltered in a valley,—at others, mounted on the summit of a rock, and inhabited by a race of men, whose restless and independent tone of mind bore a strong resemblance to his own. One event is related of him, which his biographers state in various ways, but which appears to have been true in the main; viz., that he was made captive by some of the banditti of the Abruzzi mountains, and lived among them for a considerable period,—some say voluntarily, others say by compulsion.

The circumstance is thus shortly alluded to by one writer:—“We are told that he spent the early part of his life in a troop of banditti, and that the rocky desolate scenes in which he was accustomed to take refuge, furnished him with those romantic ideas in landscape, of which he is so exceeding fond, and in the description of which he so greatly excels. His *Robbers*, as his detached figures are commonly called, are supposed also to have been taken from the life.” A fine picture, painted and etched by himself, is supposed to represent a scene of his life at this romantic period:—a group of armed banditti occupy the foreground of a rocky scene, and look watchfully at a youthful prisoner, who, seated on a rock, exhibits in his countenance, in his drooping head, and in his nerveless arm, the utter extinction of all hope: a female stands behind him, and, with a finger pointed towards him, is evidently pleading in his favour, and praying them to spare his life.—We may here remark, that the lawless beings among whom Salvator was thus thrown, belonged to the class of *Condottieri*, or bandits who let themselves out for hire to any masters, or for any purpose, and who, when not thus employed, infested the roads and villages in Calabria and Naples, pillaging the rich, and domineering over the poor.

It is not known with certainty how long Salvator remained among the mountains of Calabria; but when he returned home, he encountered domestic scenes which sickened his heart, and dashed his enthusiasm. His brother-in-law, Francanzani, though a clever painter, was reduced to great distress for

want of patronage; and his father, Vito Antonio Rosa, died shortly after his return, leaving the female members of the family wholly dependent on Salvator for support. This was a severe blow to him, as it checked at once that buoyant train of spirits which had so remarkably distinguished him: although it is not improbable that the necessity for providing for his mother and sisters benefited him in some respects, by sobering down some of his wildness. Although his portfolio was full of sketches which would, in our own day, fetch a large sum, yet they brought him nothing; for he was young and unknown, and had powerful rivals. His poverty was such that he could not buy canvas to paint upon, and was therefore forced to use a kind of primed or prepared paper, which rendered it impossible for him to produce pictures of a permanent character. He worked all day, assiduously, but with a heavy heart, in his garret; and as evening approached, he carried his productions, hidden under his tattered cloak, to the *revenditori*, or dealers, who dwelt in Naples, and who paid him a price which scarcely sufficed to procure the means of life. In a land where art flourished to such an extent as in Italy, it may seem surprising that masterly sketches, such as those of Salvator, should scarcely meet with a sale in his native town. But Naples never occupied such an eminent rank as Rome, Florence, and Bologna, as a seat of the fine arts; and it happened that a small coterie of painters, patronized by the Spanish viceroy (for Naples was then a Spanish province), succeeded in keeping all competitors in the background. This coterie, at the head of which were Spagnuolo and Lanfranco, succeeded in preventing Annibale Caracci, Domenichino, and Guido, from being employed in decorating the Neapolitan churches. An incident occurred, however, which gave hope to the young and dispirited Salvator. Lanfranco, returning one day from the Jesuits' church, (which he was painting), happened to pass in his carriage by a mean shop, where a small picture was exhibited for sale. He stopped his carriage, sent for the picture, and found it to be an exquisite sketch of the story of Hagar, at the point where, having left Abraham's house, she and her child were wandering in the wilderness of Beersheba. Lanfranco immediately perceived that it was the production of one who possessed original genius, independent of any particular school of painting. He paid the price demanded for the picture; and, as the vendor either could not or would not mention the artist's name, Lanfranco looked for some symbol on the picture itself. Seeing the word “*Salvatoriello*” in one corner, he gave directions to his pupils to purchase every sketch they might meet with, professing to come from that painter. The dealer, and others of the same class, thus finding a market suddenly spring up for Rosa's pictures, were more willing than before to treat with him, although they still refused to pay him more than a paltry price for his productions.

We shall resume the narrative in an early number.

THE most perfect organization for happiness imparts at the same time great force to resist the pains of life, and keen sensibility to enjoy its pleasures.

THE sending our thoughts too much abroad, to discern the faults of others, hath the same effect as when a family never stayeth at home: *neglect* and *disorder* naturally followeth, as it must do within ourselves, if we do not frequently turn our eyes inwards, to see what is amiss with us, where it is a sign we have an unwelcome prospect when we do not care to look upon it, but rather seek consolation in the faults of those we converse with.—*The Lady's New Year's Gift.*

THE SYRIAN COAST. I.

ENGLAND, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, are at the present moment in alliance with the Sultan of Turkey, for the purpose of assisting him in a war against his revolted subject, Mehemet Ali, the pacha of Egypt. The first blow has been struck at Beyrout, on the coast of Syria, and public interest has thus been excited towards a tract of country, limited, indeed, in extent, but rich in historical recollections. The interest, however, which attaches to the places thus rendered the scene of warlike operations, arises mainly from events of no recent date, and can only be appreciated by the classical scholar, or the Biblical or historical student; for such alone can identify the rough fortress bearing the barbarous name of Djebail, which we read of as having just repulsed an attack of British marines, with the classic Byblos, the seat of the idolatrous worship of Adonis.—

Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate;

nor would the fishing village called Sour, where a few Albanians mount guard over an Egyptian custom-house, be readily apprehended by the general reader as all that remains of the stately Tyre, "the crowning city, whose merchants were princes, and her traffickers the honourable of the earth."

This consideration induces the belief that a brief notice of the ancient and present state of the coast of Syria, the cradle of commerce and its attendant civilization, whose ruined cities bear awful testimony to the fulfilment of prophecy, in whose immediate vicinity "the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among men," the scene alike of the exploits of Nebuchadnezzar and Alexander, of the heroes of chivalry and of modern Britons, cannot prove wholly uninteresting.

The coast of Syria forms the eastern boundary of the Mediterranean Sea, the "Great Sea" of Scripture, and extends in a line, having a general tendency rather to the west of south, for about 450 miles, measuring from the Bay of Scanderoun on the north to El Arish on the south. Its general character is bold and rocky, and it presents very few good harbours, while sandbanks and reefs are found at the mouth of almost every one of the numerous streams which descend from the mountains to the sea. Occasionally the shore is a sandy flat, particularly towards the south, but the cliffs are usually lofty, and many bold headlands occur; those of Cape Blanco and Mount Carmel, being among the most striking objects in the Levant.

The population of Syria is small in comparison to the extent of the country, which is estimated at about 50,000 square miles. The estimates vary from one to two millions; but Dr. Bowring, the latest authority, thinks 1,250,000 the nearest to the truth. Of this number more than half are Mohammedans, either orthodox or schismatic, and Greeks*, Maronites, and Jews, form the remainder, in the following proportions:

Mohammedans	670,000
— Ansaries	15,000
— Mutualis and Yezidis... ..	12,000
— Druses	32,000
Greeks	230,000
Maronites and Roman Catholics.....	170,000
Jews.....	120,000
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	1,249,000

With the exception of the Jews and the Greeks, it may be said that in general the various religious sects occupy distinct territories. Thus the orthodox Mohammedans and the Greeks and Jews are found chiefly in the great cities of Antioch, Aleppo, and

* The native Christians of the plains are so termed, as they are in general members of the Greek church, while those in the mountains are principally in alliance with Rome.

Damascus, and in the interior; while the Ansaries, (wandering Arabs,) reside on the border of the western desert toward the Euphrates; and the Maronites and the schismatic Mohammedans almost exclusively occupy distinct districts of Lebanon.

The population of the whole country is very limited, and especially so on the sea-coast, where it is mainly collected at the few places which carry on commerce with Europe; in these towns it is of the most motley description and indifferent character. At intervals, where the mountains skirt the strand, other races, of nobler appearance, are met with, in whom alone is to be found any semblance of industry or freedom. They are, however, generally animated by a fanatical hatred of all but their own tribe, and though more intelligent than the inhabitants of the towns, are also more ferocious, and not more honest.

The Mohammedans, who for ages have been the ruling power in the open country, and have by their tyranny completely broken the spirit and destroyed the character of the population of the plains, have never been able to obtain more upon the coast than military possession of a few points. Their attempts upon the mountaineers have never been permanently successful, though their efforts have engendered a spirit of deadly hatred, and by keeping a great part of the population constantly in arms, have perpetuated to our day a state of society in which neither life nor property is for an instant safe. The object of these papers being not a description of the whole country, but only of a part, it is therefore unnecessary to say more of the Mohammedans than that in general they have avenged upon the Greeks and the Jews all the losses they have thus sustained, and that the latter people, though they form a considerable part of the population of the country, are detested alike by all parties, in this, their own land; and in no part of the world are they perhaps worse treated. Yet they still maintain their ground, and "lend upon usury to the stranger."

The usual language of all classes in Syria is Arabic, mixed among the Maronites with some remnants of old Syrian. The Mohammedan custom of seclusion of women also very generally prevails in the plains, but in the mountains the women enjoy more liberty, and mainly assist in the cultivation of the land.

As might be expected from its geographical position, the climate of Syria is hot, and in the plains the soil is fertile, producing, besides abundant crops of wheat, cotton, hemp, indigo, sugar, and tobacco; while the mountains are clothed with valuable timber; mulberry-trees abound, furnishing food for silk-worms; and also olives, vines, valonea, madder, and other dye-stuffs. Attempts have also recently been made to introduce cochineal, and seem likely to be successful. The air is of course keen and bracing in the upper parts of Lebanon, but along the coast the climate is extremely unhealthy, and intermittent fevers and other diseases common to marshy localities are the scourge of the population, their operation being rendered still more desolating by the general want of habits of order and cleanliness.

From the Bible we learn that the first-born of Canaan, the grandson of Noah, was named Sidon, and that shortly after the Flood, the families of the Canaanites spread abroad from Sidon unto Gaza, (Gen. x. 15—18.) The land on which they had settled was quite unsuited for the pastoral life; nor was it better adapted for the pursuits of agriculture. They, therefore, from necessity, became fishers; and the forests of Lebanon supplying timber, ultimately navigators. When the children of Israel took possession of the promised land, they little coveted the

barren shore of the Great Sea, and in consequence a considerable number of the Canaanites retained their ancient seats. As each party was in possession of articles desirable to the other, in time a friendly intercourse grew up, as we see in the case of Solomon and Hiram, king of Tyre, and the corn and honey of Palestine were exchanged for articles of use or luxury, which the Tyrians had then begun either to manufacture or to procure from foreign nations.

In the twenty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel is an account of the trade of Tyre in the sixth century before the Christian era, of which further notice will be taken. Shortly after, both Syria and Palestine were annexed to the Assyrian empire, upon the fall of which they passed to the Persian monarchs, and appear to have been governed by them with much mildness and equity. In the year 333 B.C., Alexander the Great, the "rough goat, the king of Grecia," (Dan. viii. 21,) appeared in Syria, which he speedily conquered; and when after his death his empire was partitioned among his lieutenants, it fell into the hands of Seleucus, by whose posterity it was ruled for nearly 250 years. Judea was included in the new kingdom, but the outrageous oppressions and insults of the Syrian rulers provoked a rebellion, which ended in the acknowledgment of the Jewish high priests as sovereign princes, (B.C. 142.) At length, after a series of civil wars, by which the country was utterly exhausted, it was conquered by the Romans, (B.C. 64,) and remained in their possession nearly 700 years, during which time it was the frequent battle-field of the Romans and the Persians, being indeed ravaged from one extremity to the other by Sapor, A.D. 260, and subdued by Chosroes II. in 611, and retained by him till delivered by the Emperor Heraclius, in 622. At length a new power emerged from the deserts of Arabia, to whose fanatic valour all the resistance that the feeble Eastern Empire could oppose, proved utterly useless. Syria, from its proximity to Arabia, was the first object by which the followers of Mohammed were allured. It was attacked in 632, and completely subjugated by the year 639, the city of Jerusalem falling into the hands of "the votaries of the False One," in 637.

In time the fanaticism of the Saracens, which had at first prompted them to hinder all approach to the holy city, gave way, and from motives of gain they not only permitted unarmed pilgrims and priests to pay their devotions at the Holy Sepulchre, but sedulously guarded them from insult in their passage through all places subject to their control. At length, early in the eleventh century, a barbarous horde of Tartars, called Toorks, lately converted to Mohammedanism, who from being the mercenary guards had become masters of the dominions of the Caliph of Bagdad obtained possession of Jerusalem, and ill-used or murdered the Christian pilgrims. This state of things continued for a time, until roused by the energetic appeals of Peter the Hermit, (A.D. 1095,) princes, nobles, and peasants, banded together to rescue the sepulchre of Christ from the hands of the infidels, and "all Europe," to use the expression of the imperial historian, Anna Comnena, "loosened from its foundations, was precipitated upon Asia."

By the first of the celebrated expeditions called the Crusades, a Christian kingdom, co-extensive with that of David, was established, but intrinsically weak, because opposed to the religious feelings of the majority of its subjects, and distracted by the jealousies and civil wars of those who might have been expected to be its firmest supporters; it fell under the victorious Saladin (A.D. 1189) after ninety years' duration; and though many gigantic efforts for its recovery were

made, and some detached cities along the coast were maintained for a hundred years longer, the power of the Franks was irretrievably broken, and they were finally expelled from Acre, their last stronghold, in 1291, by the Mameluke sultan of Egypt.

From this period Syria was ruled by the military aristocracy of the Mamelukes for more than 200 years, for although ravaged in the year 1400 by Timour, it was not subdued. At length both Syria and Egypt were conquered by the sultan, Selim II., in 1517, and for a period of nearly three hundred years, no event requiring detail, as involving a change in its political condition, occurred; but in 1799 the country was invaded from Egypt by the French under Napoleon Buonaparte, who sustained his first defeat at Acre, from a few undisciplined Turks supported by a handful of British seamen. After severe loss, the French retreated, and were eventually driven from Egypt, after having destroyed in that country the power of the Mamelukes, a circumstance which helped to bring forward one of the most remarkable men of the present day, from whose proceedings greater changes have already arisen in the East, than would probably have otherwise occurred in the lapse of centuries.

Mehemet Ali, a native of Roumelia, born in 1769, first visited Egypt, as second in command of a small detachment of recruits for the corps of Mamelukes, in 1800. His abilities soon procured him advancement, and in due time he became one of the twenty-four beys by whom the country was ruled. Possessing a fund of political wisdom with which no considerations of good faith or mercy seem ever to have been permitted to interfere, after he had attained to power by the slaughter of his old comrades, the Mamelukes, he began to form fleets and armies on the European model, the first steps being taken by a renegade French officer (Colonel Seve), who now commands in Syria under the title of Soleyman Pacha.

Mehemet Ali had some time before obtained from the Sultan a recognition of his office as viceroy of Egypt, upon condition of paying the customary tribute. This tribute, however, was irregularly rendered, and the Sultan, being fully engaged with the Greek insurrection, was obliged to accept the offer of his powerful vassal to discharge the debt by means of military service. Accordingly, an Egyptian squadron with land forces on board sailed for the Morea, where the fleet was annihilated at the battle of Navarino, and the troops were soon after expelled by the French expedition. When the war came to an end, on the recommendation of the Allied Powers, the Greek island of Candia, which had rebelled but been unable to establish its independence, and was, therefore, compromised with the Sultan, was transferred to the viceroy, and is still held by him.

In the ill-governed Turkish empire, the governors of distant provinces frequently assume the right of levying war with each other, and a dispute having occurred between the pachas of Egypt and Acre, the former despatched a strong force under his son Ibrahim, who had commanded the expedition to the Morea, to bring the Syrian chief to terms. Ibrahim landed at Acre in November, 1831, and captured it in May, 1832. The Sultan then interfered, and peremptorily ordered the Egyptian force to withdraw, instead of which Ibrahim immediately advanced, overran the whole of Syria, defeated the Sultan's general near Aleppo, forced the passes of Mount Taurus, and gained so decisive a victory at Konieh (the ancient Iconium), in Asia Minor, that the road to Constantinople lay open to him. The European Powers then interfered, and a treaty was concluded

at Kutayah, in May, 1833, by which all former offences were forgiven, and Mehemet Ali was, as a temporary arrangement, confirmed in the possession of both Syria and Egypt.

The pacha then endeavoured to introduce in his new province the same modes of administration as he had done in Egypt and Candia, but so contrary to the feelings of the Syrians did they prove, that in 1834 a formidable rebellion broke out, vast numbers of the invaders perished, and Ibrahim was long shut up in Jerusalem. His father, however, came to his assistance, and suppressed the movement in a summary manner. Hitherto the conscription had not been extended to Syria, but in 1836 it was determined to do so. As the measure, it was foreseen, would be most unpopular, and former events had shown how formidable they were capable of being, the whole of the mountaineers were disarmed, and, according to Colonel Campbell, consul-general in Egypt, 80,000 muskets, besides pistols and daggers, which had been seized, were forged into horse-shoes in the arsenal at Acre.

In the mean while, the Sultan bore very uneasily the loss of so valuable a province as Syria, and accordingly, European diplomacy was unceasingly employed to adjust the points of dispute, but in vain. A large Turkish army, partly armed and drilled in the European mode, was collected on the border of Taurus under Hafiz Pacha, but it was totally overthrown by Ibrahim, in June, 1839. This gave rise to further difficulties, which have not been obviated by all the efforts of the divan of ambassadors at Constantinople. On the other hand, differences of opinion as to the ultimate measures to be pursued, have arisen among the Allies themselves, which have at length occasioned the signature by Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia, of a treaty authorizing extreme measures, in which France refuses to concur, and which is at this moment being carried into effect.

Dr. Bowring, who has recently visited Syria for the purpose of collecting information for Her Majesty's Government, bears testimony to the fact that the Egyptian Government is exceedingly unpopular in Syria, but he adduces numerous facts to prove, that, though susceptible of great amelioration, it is a decided improvement upon the ancient order of things. The military force is stated by the Government at 60,000 men, consisting of fourteen regiments of infantry, ten of cavalry, and four of artillery, and 7500 irregulars; but as the regiments are never complete, the whole number is supposed not to amount to more than 45,000 men, comparatively few of whom are natives of the country, as the Egyptian and Syrian conscripts are exchanged, though the most frightful losses occur among both from nostalgia, or homesickness. The possession of Syria is costly to the Pacha, as the revenue amounts only to about 800,000*l.* per annum, while the expenses are 1,200,000*l.*, beside the annual tribute to the Porte, 175,000*l.* more.

A few succeeding papers of this series will offer a general sketch of the whole line of coast, from El Arish to Scanderoun.

Time murdered, stains not the ground with blood; but years spent unimproved will dye the soul with guilt.

Nothing is so kind and so inviting as true and unsophisticated religion. Instead of imposing unnecessary burdens upon our nature, it easeth it of the greater weight of our passions or mistakes; instead of subduing us with rigour, it redeemeth us from the slavery we are in to ourselves, who are the most severe masters, whilst we are under the usurpation of our appetites, let loose and not restrained.—*The Lady's New Year's Gift.*

A BEE-HUNT IN THE FAR WEST.

THE beautiful forest in which we were encamped abounded in bee-trees; that is to say, trees in the decayed trunks of which wild bees had established their hives. It is surprising in what countless swarms the bees have overspread the far West within but a moderate number of years. The Indians consider them the harbinger of the white man, as the buffalo is of the red man; and say that, in proportion as the bee advances the Indian and the buffalo retire. We are always accustomed to associate the hum of the bee-hive with the farm-house and the flower-garden, and to consider those industrious little animals as connected with the busy haunts of men; and I am told that the wild bee is seldom to be met with at any great distance from the frontier. They have been the heralds of civilisation, steadfastly preceding it as it advanced from the Atlantic borders; and some of the ancient settlers of the West pretend to give the very year when the honey-bee first crossed the Mississippi. The Indians with surprise found the mouldering trees of their forest suddenly teeming with ambrosial sweets; and nothing, I am told, can exceed the greedy relish with which they banquet for the first time upon this luxury of the wilderness.

At present, the honey-bee swarms in myriads in the noble groves and forests that skirt and intersect the prairies, and extend along the alluvial bottoms of the rivers. It seems to me as if these beautiful regions answer literally to the description of the land of promise, "a land flowing with milk and honey;" for the rich pasturage of the prairies is calculated to sustain herds of cattle as countless as the sands upon the sea-shore, while the flowers with which they are enamelled render them a very paradise for the nectar-seeking bee.

We had not been long in the camp when a party set out in quest of a bee-tree; and, being curious to witness the sport, I gladly accepted an invitation to accompany them. The party was headed by a veteran bee-hunter, a tall lank fellow, in homespun garb, that hung loosely about his limbs, and a straw hat shaped not unlike a bee-hive; a comrade, equally uncouth in garb, and without a hat, straddled along at his heels, with a long rifle on his shoulder. To these succeeded others, some with axes, and some with rifles; for no one stirs far from the camp without fire-arms, so as to be ready either for wild deer or wild Indian.

After proceeding some distance we came to an open glade on the skirts of the forest. Here our leader halted, and then advanced quietly to a low bush, on the top of which I perceived a piece of honey-comb. This I found was the bait or lure for the wild bees. Several were humming about it, and diving into its cells. When they had laden themselves with honey they would rise up in the air, and dart off in one straight line, almost with the velocity of a bullet. The hunters watched attentively the course they took, and then set off in the same direction, stumbling along over twisted roots and fallen trees, with their eyes turned up to the sky. In this way they traced the honey-laden bees to their hive, in the hollow trunk of a blasted oak, where, after a little buzzing about, they entered a hole about sixty feet from the ground.

Two of the bee-hunters now plied their axes vigorously at the foot of the tree, to level it with the ground. The mere spectators and amateurs, in the mean time, drew off to a cautious distance to be out of the way of the falling of the tree, and the vengeance of its inmates. The jarring blows of the axe seemed to have no effect in alarming or agitating this most industrious community. They continued to ply at

their usual occupations, some arriving full freighted into port, others sallying forth on new expeditions, like so many merchantmen in a money-making metropolis, little suspicious of impending bankruptcy and downfall. Even a loud crack, which announced the disruption of the trunk, failed to divert their attention from the intense pursuit of gain: at length down came the tree with a tremendous crash, bursting open from end to end, and displaying all the hoarded treasures of the commonwealth.

One of the hunters immediately ran up with a wisp of lighted hay as a defence against the bees. The latter, however, made no attack, and sought no revenge: they seemed stupified by the catastrophe, and unsuspicious of its cause, and remained crawling and buzzing about the ruins, without offering us any molestation. Every one of the party now fell to with spoon and hunting knife, to scoop out the flakes of honey-comb with which the hollow trunk was stored. Some of them were of old date, and a deep brown colour; others were beautifully white, and the honey in their cells was almost limpid. Such of the combs as were entire were placed in camp-kettles to be conveyed to the encampment; those which had been shattered in the fall were devoured upon the spot. Every stark bee-hunter was to be seen with a rich morsel in his hand, dripping about his fingers, and disappearing as rapidly as a cream tart before the holiday appetite of a schoolboy.

Nor was it the bee-hunters alone that profited by the downfall of this industrious community. As if the bees would carry through the similitude of their habits with those of laborious and gainful man, I beheld numbers from rival hives, arriving on eager wing, to enrich themselves with the ruins of their neighbours. These busied themselves as eagerly and as cheerily as so many wreckers on an Indianman that has been driven on shore,—plunging into the cells of the broken honey-combs, banqueting greedily on the spoil, and then winging their way full freighted to their homes. As to the poor proprietors of the ruin, they seemed to have no heart to do anything, not even to taste the nectar that flowed around them, but crawled backwards and forwards, in vacant desolation, as I have seen a poor fellow with his hands in his breeches pocket, whistling vacantly about the ruins of his house that had been burnt.

It is difficult to describe the bewilderment and confusion of the bees of the bankrupt hive who had been absent at the time of the catastrophe, and who arrived from time to time, with full cargoes from abroad. At first they wheeled about the air, in the place where the fallen tree had once reared its head, astonished at finding all a vacuum. At length, as if comprehending their disaster, they settled down, in clusters, on a dry branch of a neighbouring tree, from whence they seemed to contemplate the prostrate ruin, and to buzz forth doleful lamentations over the downfall of their republic. It was a scene in which the "melancholy Jacques" might have moralized by the hour.

We now abandoned the place, leaving much honey in the hollow of the tree. "It will be all cleared off by varmint," said one of the rangers.

"What vermin?" asked I.

"Oh, bears, and skunks, and racoons, and possums. The bears is the knowingest varmint for finding out a bee-tree in the world. They'll gnaw for days together at the trunk, till they make a hole big enough to get in their paws, and then they'll haul out honey, bees and all."

[WASHINGTON IRVING'S *Tour on the Prairies.*]

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE MONTHS.

XI. NOVEMBER.

Next was November; he full grown and fat
As fed with lard, and that right well might seeme;
For he had been a fattening hog of late,
That yet his browes with sweat did reek and steam;
And yet the season was full sharp and bream;
In planting eke he took no small delight
Whereon he rode, not easie was to deeme;
For it a dreadful centaur was in sight,
The seed of Saturn and fair Nais, Chiron hight.—SPENSER.

NOVEMBER is generally allowed to be the most gloomy month of the year: its cold rains come down till the drenched ground refuses to absorb further moisture; its thickening fogs and mists obliterate the distant features of the landscape, and mingle nearer objects together in one blind confusion.

It has been remarked, that the dreary character of the season usually produces a corresponding effect on man, and that the month of November seldom passes without engendering feelings of sadness and depression, which only the actively-employed portion of the community, whose occupations are such as to demand unceasing attention, can successfully combat. Doubtless there is a depressing effect in inclement weather, which the possession of every in-door comfort can scarcely shield us from; there is no question but that murky skies, dense fogs, or continued rain, are incompatible with healthful exercises, and therefore prejudicial to those who are removed from the necessity of bodily exertion; yet, seeing that *all* November days are not thus dark and gloomy, that a season of alternate frosty nights, and bright warm days sometimes intervenes, and that even in the time of mists and rain, there is now and then a cessation of the latter, or a partial dispersion of the former, which may be embraced for the purposes of exercise, we are not disposed to quarrel with the season, or to doubt but that by making good use of the bright days, we may be able to bear the dark ones, without experiencing the train of nervous feelings, which inactive habits, weak health, and bad weather, ordinarily give rise to.

The incitements abroad during this month, are, compared with those of the preceding months, exceedingly few, and it requires some share of self-denial to leave the blazing hearth or the engrossing volume, for the exposed and barren scene without. Those who would preserve health and spirits, however, will not hesitate to make the exchange, and they will find that even at this desolate period of the year, when the last leaves of autumn

. . . thin dancers upon air
Go eddying round,

and inevitably remind them of the frail and fading nature of their own existence upon earth, when

. . . Congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swelled all the music of the swarming shades
Robbed of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock;
With not a brightness waving in their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note,—

even then, they will find that there is something still remaining to afford them pleasure: a beautiful gleam of sunshine will often penetrate the morning visit: the varied and singular effects of hoar-frost will sometimes arrest their attention; and the unlooked-for appearance of one or two spring flowers peeping out from some sheltered spot, on a mild and genial day, such as will sometimes return to us even in November, carries the thoughts forward to the bright season whose approach they generally betoken. The neces-

sity for taking frequent exercise, and allowing no opportunity to pass without tasting the open air, cannot be too strongly impressed on the studious and contemplative. "It is a well-known fact," says a modern writer, "that in proportion as people do not take air and exercise, their blood becomes thicker and darker: now what darkens and thickens the circulation, and keeps the humours within the pores, darkens and clogs the mind; and we are then in a state to receive pleasure but indifferently and confusedly, and pain with tenfold painfulness."

Though the majority of the trees are stripped of their foliage, or are shedding a leafy deluge around them at every rising gale, yet there are some that retain their summer vesture, and even appear to put on an intenser green as all the rest are fading. The spruce and Scotch fir, the glittering holly, the laurestinus, the red-berried pyracantha, and the magnificent ivy, are more attractive than ever: the picturesque effect of the last-mentioned plant, as it ornaments the village-church, the ancient mansion, or the ruined bridge, and half conceals the ravages of time beneath its matted and glossy foliage, makes it a general favourite, and a most welcome relief to the eye, amid the general desolation of the season. The stiff and glossy texture of the leaves of evergreens, seems expressly fitted to resist the severity of the weather, and the strong tenacious viscid juices which they contain, and which are found to be of a resinous inflammable nature, serve to protect them still more effectually from the cold and damp.

The garden is now deprived of nearly all its attractions. Perhaps the china-rose is still displaying its abundant blossoms, a few hardy stocks and wall-flowers yet remain, and the different varieties of chrysanthemum are putting forth their numerous stars; but these, and the other scattered flowers that may be found in the parterre, look pale and chill, and are often either drenched with rain, or nipped with frost, and consequently deprived of their remaining fragrance and beauty.

Food and firing now seem to us of almost equal importance, and there is pleasure in the sound of the busy flail and of the woodman's axe, which are actively exerted to meet the demand for these necessities. The one fills the air about the homestead with its quick-repeated sounds, and invites the passer-by to admire the heap of shining grain, and the scattered ears leaping and rustling beneath the strokes of the flail; the other arrests his attention on a still, clear day, and tells him of the labours of one

Who wields the axe,
And drives the wedge in yonder forest drear
From morn to eve his solitary task.

The hedger, too, is busily engaged in repairing the fences of his employer. The field-work is generally completed during this month, and farming implements laid aside till the ensuing spring.

The cattle have a dull and disconsolate air at this season: they hang their heads, and look as if benumbed and stupified by the cold. Sheep are penned on patches of the turnip-field, where they make clean riddance of the green tops and the juicy roots, leaving nothing but the hard dry husk of the same.

The birds are all mute during the month, except the familiar robin, who pipes his sweet ditty more plaintively than ever, and grows more and more domesticated with us as the weather becomes more severe, and the audacious sparrows, who chirp loudly and incessantly from the eaves of our dwellings, and watch every opportunity of satisfying their voracious hunger.

Frogs now bury themselves in the mud at the bot-

tom of ponds and ditches: lizards, hedgehogs, and badgers, creep into holes of the earth, and remain torpid until the spring; bats suspend themselves by their hind-feet in caves or deserted buildings, and, folding around them the wide-spreading membranes of their fore-feet, sleep away the severe weather; the dormouse falls into its accustomed slumber; and squirrels, rats, and field-mice, having completed the accumulation of their winter-stores, shut themselves up with their provisions till better times shall invite them abroad.

Respecting the keen and chilling blasts of autumn, so distressing to the invalid, and so little relished by any of us, we find the following remarks in the journal of a naturalist:—

These periodical winds, violent and distressing as they often prove, are yet unquestionably necessary in the economy of nature. In the autumn of our year, the foliage of trees and plants, &c., putrefies and decays; marshes and dull waters, clogged by their own products, stagnate, and discharge large portions of hydrogen, carbonic gas, &c., injurious and even fatal to animal existence: in summer, all these baneful exhalations are neutralized and rendered wholesome by the vast quantities of oxygen, or vital air, discharged from vegetable foliage: but these agents of benefit by the autumn are no more—consequently the discharge of oxygen is suspended, but the production of unhealthy air increased, by the additional decomposition of the season. To counteract this is probably the business of the storms of wind and rain prevailing at this season, which, by agitating and dissipating the noxious airs, introduce fresh currents, and render the fluid we breathe salubrious.

Thus we find that the God of nature is "from seeming evil, still educing good," and making those very tempests, which alarm us with their fury, and which in times of ignorance were looked upon as especial tokens of His wrath, the means of purifying our atmosphere and subserving the healthfulness of man. Happy they who in seasons like this can retreat to their comfortable homes, and gratefully enjoy the blessings by which they are surrounded. They can perhaps enter into the poet's description of the repose enjoyed in an hour of parlour twilight, when the faint illumination of the glowing hearth "suits well the thoughtful or unthinking mind."

Me oft has fancy, ludicrous and wild,
Soothed with a waking dream of houses, towers,
Trees, churches, and strange visages, expressed
In the red cinders, while with poring eye
I gazed, myself creating what I saw
Nor less amused have I quiescent watched
The sooty films, that play upon the bars
Pendulous, and foreboding in the view
Of superstition, prophesying still
Though still deceived, some stranger's near approach.
'Tis thus the understanding takes repose
In indolent vacuity of thought,
And sleeps, and is refreshed. Meanwhile the face
Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask
Of deep deliberation, as the man
Were tasked to his full strength, absorbed and lost.
Thus oft, reclined at ease, I lose an hour
At evening, till at length the freezing blast,
That sweeps the bolted shutter, summons home
The re-collected powers; and snapping short
The glassy threads, with which the fancy weaves
Her brittle toils, restore me to myself.—COWPER.

MRS. SOMERVILLE remarks that the mighty chain of the Andes, and the yet more lofty Himalaya mountains, bear the same proportion to the earth, that a grain of sand does to a globe three feet in diameter.

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